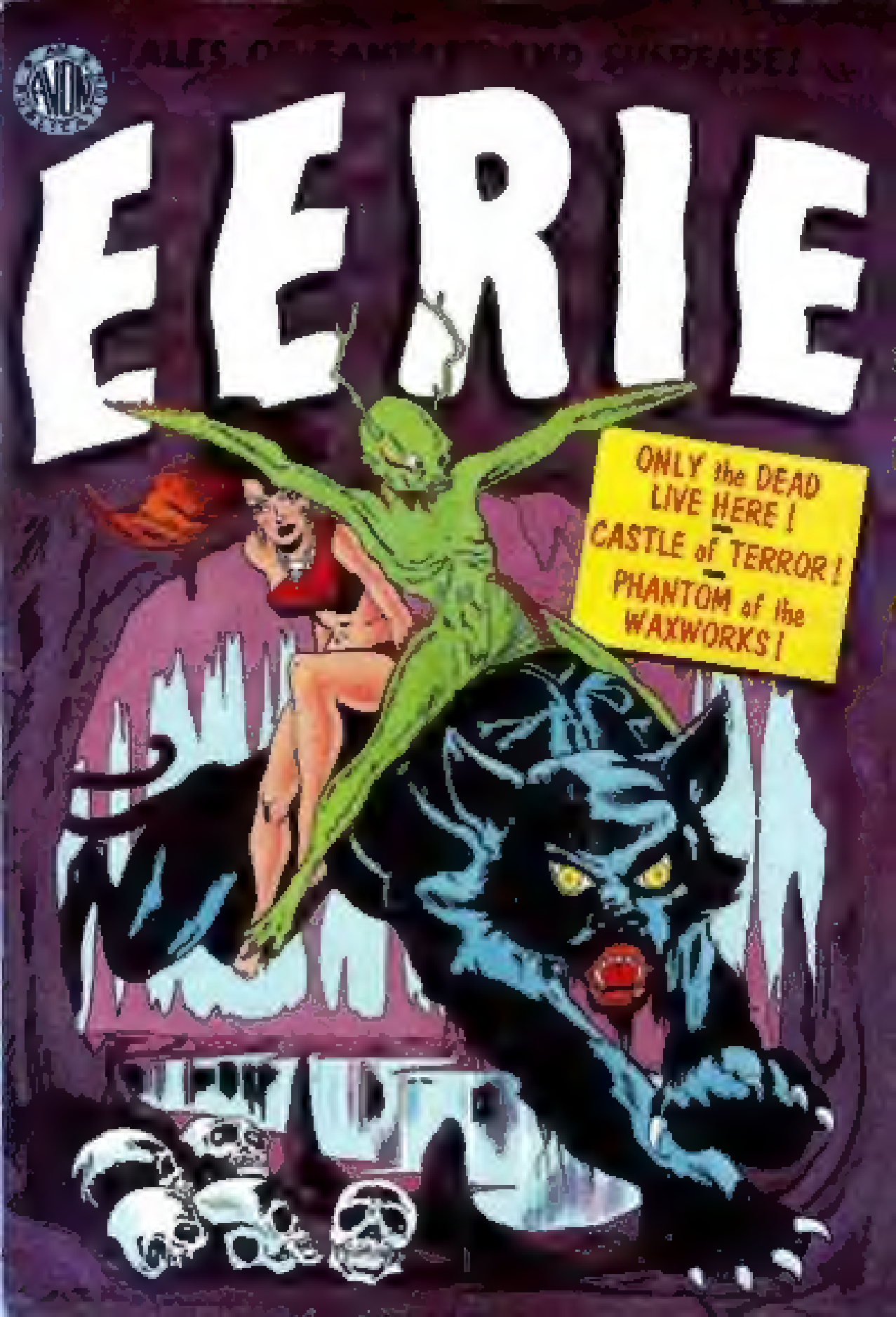
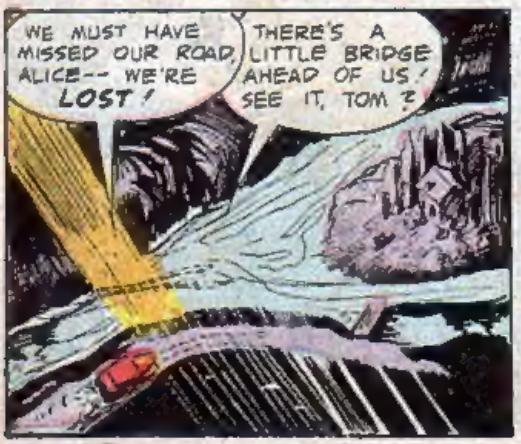

TALES OF FANTASY AND SUSPENSE!
EERIE
ONLY the DEAD LIVE HERE!
CASTLE of TERROR!
PHANTOM of the WAXWORKS!

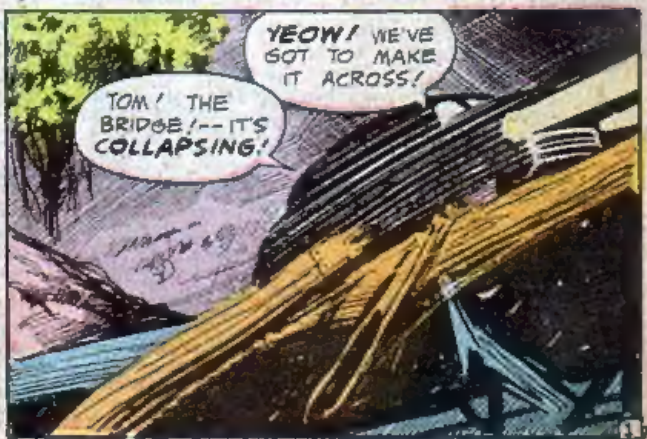
THEY WERE MAROONED ON A GLOOMY, STORM-SWEPT LITTLE ISLAND! ALICE AND TOM WENTWORTH KNEW THE ICY CLUTCH OF TERROR AS THEY SEARCHED FOR SOME SIGN OF ANOTHER HUMAN BEING-- AND WEIRD, INHUMAN VOICES SCREAMED... "ONLY THE DEAD LIVE HERE!"
BLOOD WAS SPILLED IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT!
AND ONLY THE STATUES IN THE MUSEUM OF HORRORS KNEW THAT THE MURDERER WAS THE... "PHANTOM OF THE WAXWORKS!"
HE WAS CAUGHT FAST BENEATH A LAYER OF GRASSY EARTH! IT HELD HIM DOWN, TIGHTENING AROUND HIS ARMS, PINNING HIS LEGS TO THE GROUND! AND AS HE LAY THERE HE STARED INTO THE GLEAMING EYES OF DEATH! "GREEN GROWS THE GRASS!"

CAN THE DEAD RETURN TO COMPLETE THE THINGS THEY FAILED TO DO IN LIFE? FATE MAROONED ALICE AND TOM WENTWORTH ON THIS STORM-SWEPT LITTLE ISLAND, AND THEY FOUND THEMSELVES INTRUDERS IN THE UNFINISHED BUSINESS OF THE DEAD! IT WAS A NIGHT OF TERROR, WHEN THEY REALIZED THAT...

ONLY THE DEAD LIVE HERE!

YOU'RE AFTER IT, TOO! BUT YOU'LL NEVER FIND IT! IT'S MINE --ALL MINE!
GET OUT OF HERE! WE DON'T WANT YOU HERE!
WE'VE GOT THINGS TO DO --MANY THINGS TO DO!
ALICE, LOOK AT THEM! THEY-- THEY'RE DEAD PEOPLE!



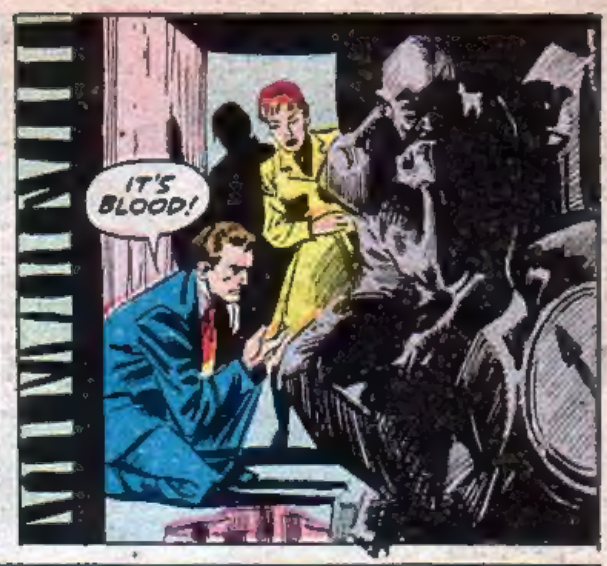


WOW! SURE WAS A NARROW SQUEEZE!
WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE THIS LITTLE ROAD LEADS TO?
ON FOOT THEY FOLLOWED THE ROAD, AND IN A MINUTE OR TWO...
WE'RE ON A LITTLE ISLAND IN THE RIVER! WITH THAT BRIDGE GONE, THERE'S NO WAY OF GETTING OFF! WE'RE STRANDED HERE!
SEEMS TO BE A HOUSE, THERE UNDER THE TREES! LET'S GO SEE!
THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE HOUSE! SEE IT?
GOOD! I'M GLAD SOMEBODY LIVES HERE! COME ON!
IT WAS TOM WENTWORTH'S VACATION, WITH HIS YOUNG WIFE, ALICE, HE WAS ON A SUMMER AUTO TRIP. TO THEM, NOW, THIS WAS NOTHING MORE THAN AN INTERESTING ADVENTURE, BUT...
LOOKS LIKE A YOUNG COUPLE!
THEY SEEM TO BE ARGUING!
SUDDENLY THE SILHOUETTED FIGURES VANISHED AS THE COUPLE MOVED BACK INTO THE ROOM! AND...
COME ON, WE'LL INTRODUCE OURSELVES!
HOPE THEY WON'T MIND! ANYWAY, WE CERTAINLY CAN'T HELP BEING MAROONED HERE!
STRANGE SILENCE!
THAT'S QUEER--THEY DON'T ANSWER!
THIS STORM--MAYBE THEY DON'T HEAR US! THE DOOR'S UNLOCKED--LET'S CALL FROM INSIDE!

HELLO THERE! CAN WE COME IN?
THE LIGHT'S IN THE SITTING ROOM--THAT'S WHERE THEY WERE! OH, TOM, THERE'S SOMETHING AWFULLY STRANGE HERE!
AND IN THE SITTING ROOM...
THIS CANDLE SEEMS TO BE THE ONLY LIGHT IN THE HOUSE! WHY SHOULD PEOPLE HIDE FROM US?
TOM! LISTEN!--OUT THERE IN THE HALL--FOOTSTEPS!
CREAK! CREAK!
THERE'S SOMEBODY WALKING ALONG THIS HALLWAY!
I CAN'T SEE ANYBODY! OH, TOM--I'M SCARED!
CREAK!
CREAK
SOMEONE--SOMETHING PROWLING HERE!--AND NOW, SUDDENLY THERE WERE FAINT MURMURING VOICES! CHILLED WITH HORROR, ALICE AND TOM STOOD FROZEN!
CREAK! CREAK!
IT'S UNCLE EZRA! HERE HE COMES, ELLEN!
OH, BOB, MAYBE WE CAN FIND OUT WHERE HE HID IT!
THE WENTWORTHS FOLLOWED THE VOICES TOWARD THE ENTRANCE TO THE CELLAR...
OH, TOM, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
SHHH!...
TOM WENTWORTH HAD NEVER BELIEVED IN GHOSTS! HE WAS A FELLOW NOT EASILY FRIGHTENED! BUT NOW...
HOLD THE CANDLE, ALICE! AT LEAST THIS FELLOW'S REAL ENOUGH!
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
YEOW! LEMME ALONE!
3

HE WAS A POWERFUL OLD FELLOW! SUDDENLY TOM WAS STRUGGLING WITH HIM, AND...
HEY, TAKE IT EASY! I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU!
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE AFTER! YOU WANT THE GOLD! BUT YOU CAN'T HAVE IT! IT'S FOR ME!
THEN...
SURE, I'LL LET YOU UP! --IF YOU STOP FIGHTING ME AND TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
LEMME UP! LEMME UP!
COME UPSTAIRS! IT'S NO GOOD DOWN HERE! I THOUGHT I COULD FIND THE GOLD DOWN HERE! BUT I GUESS I'M WRONG! I--I CAN'T SEEM TO REMEMBER!
HE'S OFF HIS HEAD! C'MON, ALICE, WE'LL TAKE HIM UPSTAIRS!
AND IN THE SITTING ROOM...
WE SAW A YOUNG MAN AND GIRL IN HERE! WHERE ARE THEY? AND WHO ARE YOU?
THEY'VE COME BACK! THEY'RE AFTER IT, TOO! BUT THEY CAN'T HAVE IT!
WE--WE HEARD THEM TALKING! THERE WAS SOMEONE ELSE! THEY CALLED HIM UNCLE EZRA
UNCLE EZRA? HE'S HERE? I--I KNOW ALL ABOUT HIM! BUT I DON'T LIVE HERE! I'M PETER GUINESS--JUST A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY! I CAME HERE ONLY TONIGHT! STRANGE THINGS ARE GOING ON HERE!
IT WAS A WEIRD, GRUESOME STORY! EZRA CARTER HAD BEEN A HERMIT, LIVING HERE ALONE WITH HIS HIDDEN GOLD! THEN HIS NIECE, ELLEN, AND HER YOUNG HUSBAND, BOB, HAD COME TO VISIT HIM, AND...
THEY SAID UNCLE EZRA WAS INSANE! THEY WOULD HAVE LOCKED HIM UP--PUT HIM AWAY--BUT HE KNEW THEY WERE REALLY AFTER HIS GOLD! SO ONE NIGHT, HE KILLED THEM!
K-KILLED THEM?
AN INSANE KILLER? AND HE'S LURKING IN HERE NOW?

--KILLED THEM UPSTAIRS!--HACKED AT THEM! LEFT THEM WELTERING IN THEIR GORE!
SOMETHING'S DRIPPING DOWN--FROM UPSTAIRS!
DRIP! DRIP!
WHA--?


IT'S BLOOD!

THEY WANTED HIS GOLD AND HE KILLED THEM! THEY DESERVED IT! HA, HA!
TOM--THAT OLD MAN'S DEMENTED! HE--HE COULD BE THE KILLER!
THERE ARE GRAVES OUTSIDE THE HOUSE--I REMEMBER PASSING THEM! COME ON, I WANT TO SEE THEM!

THE FAMILY GRAVES WERE CLOSE TO THE HOUSE! AND AS ALICE AND TOM RUSHED OUTSIDE...
WE'VE GOT TO FIND UNCLE EZRA'S GOLD, ELLEN, DEAR!
HE WON'T LET US! HE WANTS IT FOR HIMSELF, BOB!
OH, TOM! THEY--THEY'RE DEAD PEOPLE!
THE CORPSES OF THE MURDERED BOB AND ELLEN CARTER!

UNFINISHED BUSINESS OF THE DEAD!
AFTER WE WERE BURIED, THE POLICE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE FOR UNCLE EZRA'S TREASURE! THEY COULDN'T FIND IT!
WE'LL FIND IT! WE'LL LEAVE IT LYING EXPOSED--THE POLICE WILL GET IT! --AND THEY'LL SEND IT TO UNCLE ALAN, OVER IN LONDON! HE'S THE RIGHTFUL HEIR!

AND NOW, AS TOM WENTWORTH TURNED TO GAZE AT THE LITTLE HEADSTONES...
ALICE! LOOK! THAT--THAT MAN WE WERE TALKING TO--I'LL BET HE'S EZRA CARTER! AND HE COMMITTED SUICIDE!
TOM--HERE HE COMES!
EZRA CARTER
1890-1952

IT'S MY GOLD! YOU CAN'T HAVE IT! NOBODY CAN HAVE IT BUT ME!
WHA--?
EVERYBODY WANTS MY TREASURE! BUT IT'S MINE--ALL MINE! I'LL NEVER REST TILL I GET IT! HA, HA, HA! IT WILL LIE IN THE GRAVE WITH ME! THAT'S WHERE IT BELONGS! HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!
DESPERATELY TOM WENTWORTH FOUGHT! BUT THIS GHASTLY ADVERSARY HAD SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH!
I KILLED ELLEN AND BOB BECAUSE THEY WANTED MY GOLD!--AND I'LL KILL YOU, TOO!
OHH!
ULP!
THEN, SUDDENLY, THE MURDEROUS THING FROM THE GRAVE SAW THE TWO OTHER WATCHING SHAPES!
OH, BOB, LOOK! UNCLE EZRA'S KILLING HIM!
TOM FELT THE HORRIBLE, CLAMMY GRIP ON HIS THROAT DROP AWAY! AND AS HE SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET...
WE'LL FIND IT, ELLEN! WE'LL FIND IT!
YOU KEEP AWAY FROM HERE! IT'S MINE! MINE!
THROUGHOUT THE LONG, STORM-FILLED NIGHT TOM AND ALICE WENTWORTH HUDDLED IN THEIR CAR, LISTENING TO THE GIBBERING VOICES OF THE DEAD!
WE MUST FIND IT, ELLEN! WE MUST!
NEVER!--NEVER!
HA HA!

WITH THE DAWN THE GRISLY FACES HAD FADED INTO SILENCE! THE LITTLE ISLAND, WITH ITS SINGLE DESERTED HOUSE, STOOD REVEALED IN THE DAWN LIGHT. AND NOW...
A RESCUE BOAT IN THE FLOOD!
THEY SEE US!
AND LATER, AT A POLICE STATION OF A NEARBY VILLAGE...
SO YOU WERE MAROONED ON CARTER ISLAND ALL LAST NIGHT! THAT PLACE HAD A NASTY TRAGEDY
WE HEARD ABOUT IT!
ABOUT A YEAR AGO! OLD MAN CARTER WENT INSANE, MURDERED HIS NIECE AND HER HUSBAND, AN' THEN COMMITTED SUICIDE!
YOUNGER BROTHER OF THE OLD MAN--ALAN CARTER--FLEW FROM LONDON FOR THE FUNERAL! EZRA WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE A GOLD HOARD! RIGHTFULLY BELONGS TO ALAN, NOW!--BUT WE CAN'T FIND IT!
YOU MIGHT TRY DIGGING UP THE CELLAR FLOOR, CHIEF!
WE DID! WE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE!
IT'S THERE, SOMEWHERE!
THEY SAY WEIRD THINGS GO ON THERE AT NIGHT--STORMY NIGHTS ESPECIALLY-- LIKE LAST NIGHT! YOU SAID YOU THINK YOU HEARD SOME OF THAT GHOST STUFF, EH?
WE SURE DID, CHIEF! WE SURE DID!
EZRA CARTER'S HOARDED TREASURE HAS NEVER BEEN FOUND! THE DESERTED OLD HOUSE HAS BEEN SEARCHED MANY TIMES-- BUT ONLY BY DAYLIGHT! IT'S NO PLACE FOR THE LIVING AT NIGHT-- INTERFERING WITH THE UNFINISHED BUSINESS OF THE DEAD!

GREEN GROWS the GRASS

ENVY AND HATE GREW IN HIS HEART, AND WHEN THEY BLOSSOMED INTO MURDER, A DYING MAN'S REVENGE PLANTED A SEED WHICH FLOWERED INTO *GRISLY DEATH*...

FELIX HALT GREW BITTER WHENEVER HE COMPARED HIS OWN LOT WITH THAT OF HIS FAMOUS EMPLOYER...

HMMMFFF! AND NOT A WORD ABOUT HOW *I* HELPED HIM! I'M JUST AS CLEVER... AND ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL PROVE IT!

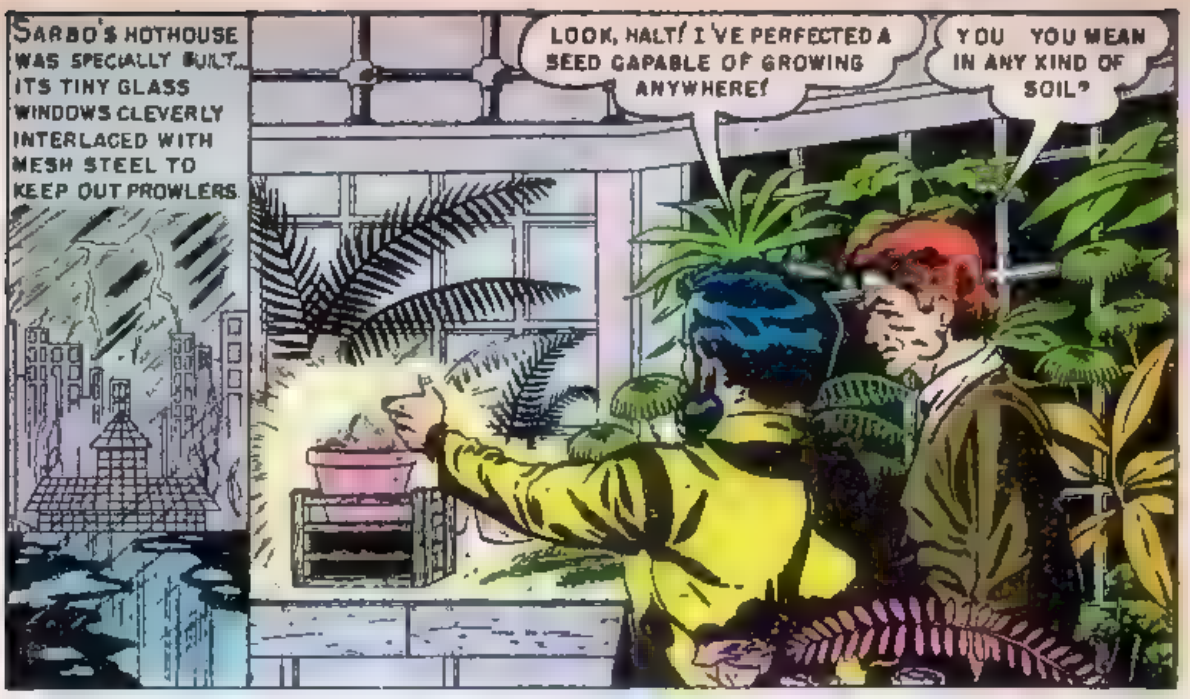
SCIENCE REPORT
LOUIS SARBO WINS FROBEL PRIZE FOR RESEARCH IN-
TO PLANT LIFE.

JUST THEN...

HALT! COME DOWN TO THE HOTHOUSE AT ONCE! I'VE MADE ANOTHER MOMENTOUS DISCOVERY!

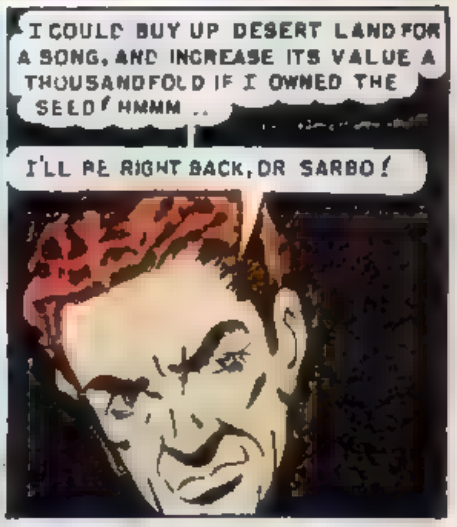
MORE BRAGGING! I HATE THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE!

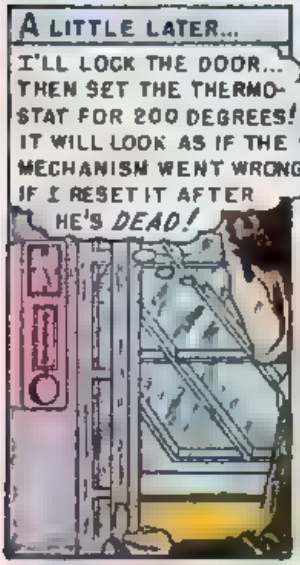
OTHOUSE

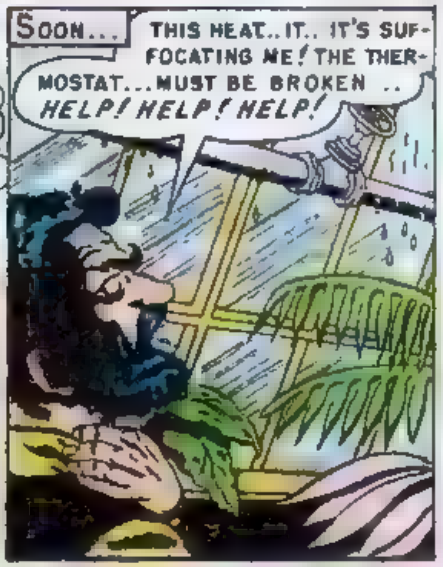

SARBO'S HOTHOUSE WAS SPECIALLY BUILT... ITS TINY GLASS WINDOWS CLEVERLY INTERLACED WITH MESH STEEL TO KEEP OUT PROWLERS.
LOOK, HALT! I'VE PERFECTED A SEED CAPABLE OF GROWING ANYWHERE!
YOU... YOU MEAN IN ANY KIND OF SOIL?

YES! IN FACT IT DOESN'T EVEN NEED SOIL! IT'LL TAKE ROOT IN ANYTHING! WITH THIS SEED, MILLIONS OF ARID ACRES WILL BE TRANSFORMED TO LUSH GRAZING LAND!

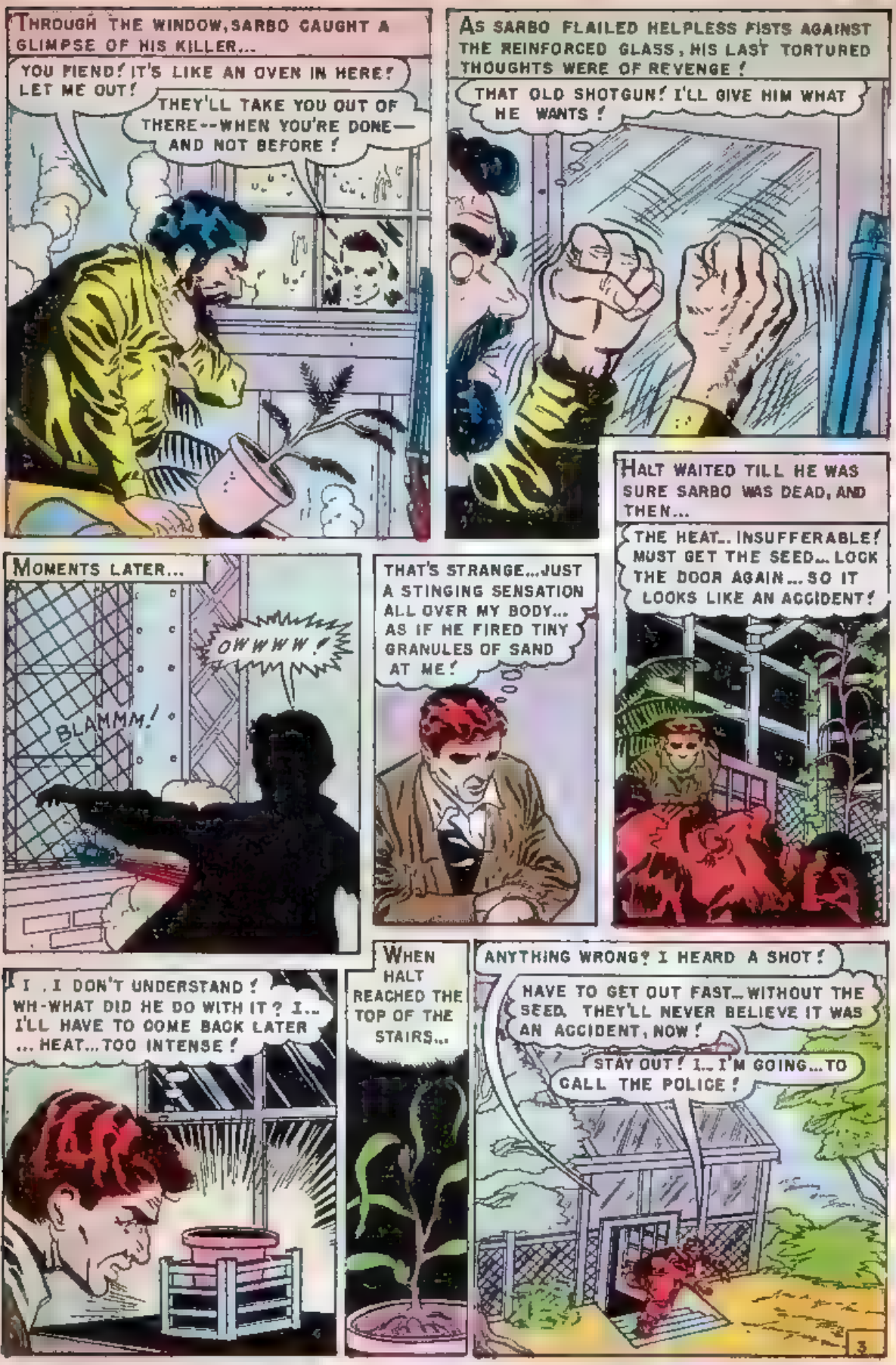
AT THAT MOMENT, AN EVIL PLAN WAS BORN IN HALT'S MIND.

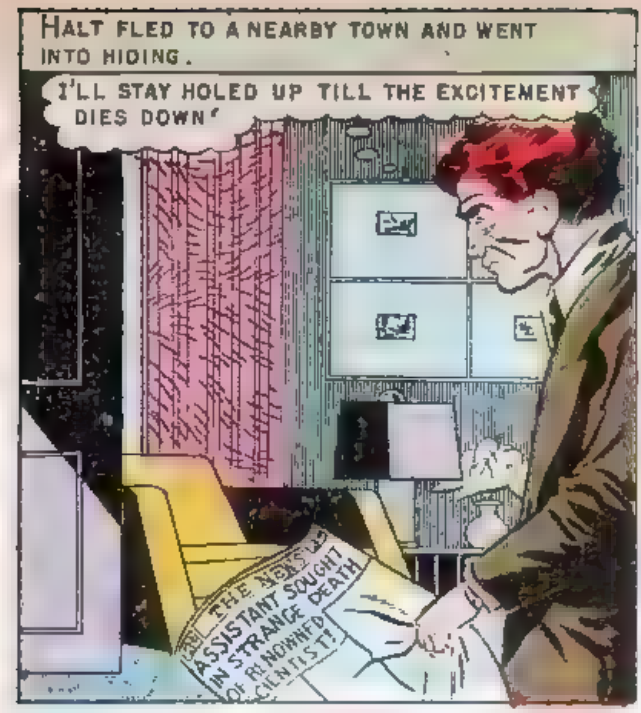

I COULD BUY UP DESERT LAND FOR A SONG, AND INCREASE ITS VALUE A THOUSANDFOLD IF I OWNED THE SEED! HMMM ..
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, DR SARBO!


A LITTLE LATER...
I'LL LOCK THE DOOR... THEN SET THE THERMOSTAT FOR 200 DEGREES! IT WILL LOOK AS IF THE MECHANISM WENT WRONG IF I RESET IT AFTER HE'S DEAD!

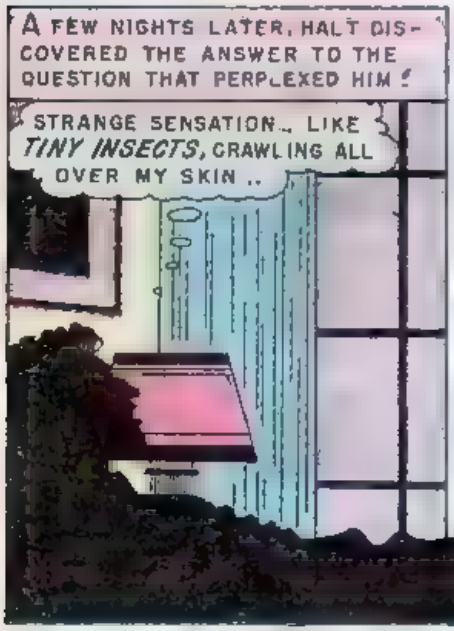

SOON...
THIS HEAT.. IT.. IT'S SUFFOCATING ME! THE THERMOSTAT... MUST BE BROKEN ..
HELP! HELP! HELP!

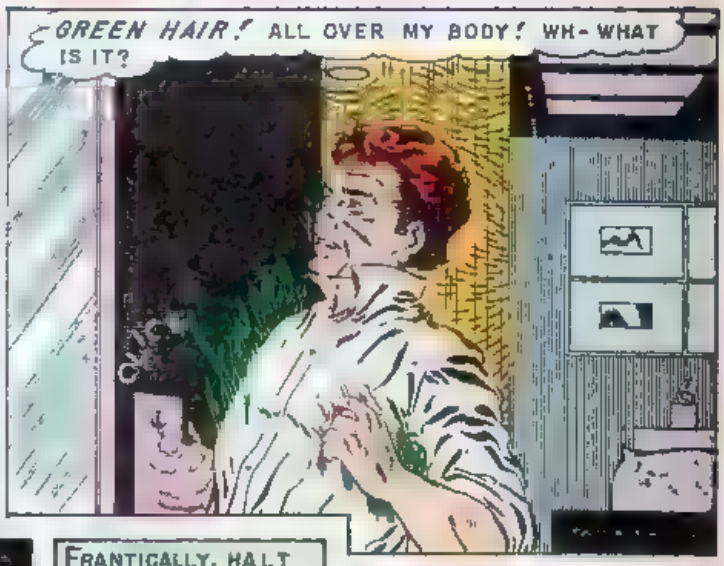
A FEW MORE MINUTES, AND IT WILL BE OVER. THEN I'LL TAKE THE SEED AND TELL THE POLICE ABOUT THE GHASTLY.. HEH-HEH... ACCIDENT!
2

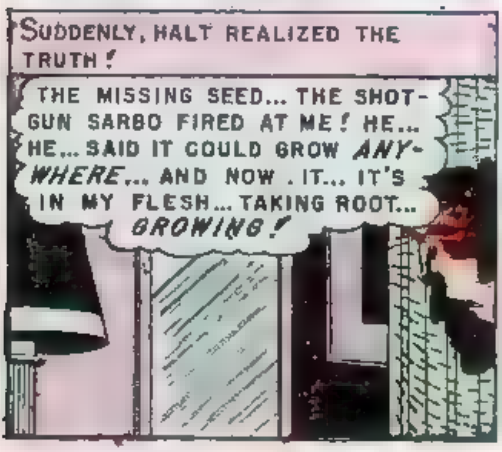

THROUGH THE WINDOW, SARBO CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF HIS KILLER...
YOU FIEND! IT'S LIKE AN OVEN IN HERE! LET ME OUT!
THEY'LL TAKE YOU OUT OF THERE--WHEN YOU'RE DONE—AND NOT BEFORE!
AS SARBO FLAILED HELPLESS FISTS AGAINST THE REINFORCED GLASS, HIS LAST TORTURED THOUGHTS WERE OF REVENGE!
THAT OLD SHOTGUN! I'LL GIVE HIM WHAT HE WANTS!
HALT WAITED TILL HE WAS SURE SARBO WAS DEAD, AND THEN...
THE HEAT... INSUFFERABLE! MUST GET THE SEED... LOCK THE DOOR AGAIN... SO IT LOOKS LIKE AN ACCIDENT!
MOMENTS LATER...
OWWWW!
BLAMMM!
THAT'S STRANGE... JUST A STINGING SENSATION ALL OVER MY BODY... AS IF HE FIRED TINY GRANULES OF SAND AT ME!
I . I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WH-WHAT DID HE DO WITH IT? I... I'LL HAVE TO COME BACK LATER ... HEAT... TOO INTENSE!
WHEN HALT REACHED THE TOP OF THE STAIRS...
ANYTHING WRONG? I HEARD A SHOT!
HAVE TO GET OUT FAST... WITHOUT THE SEED. THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, NOW!
STAY OUT! I... I'M GOING... TO CALL THE POLICE!
3


HALT FLED TO A NEARBY TOWN AND WENT INTO HIDING.
I'LL STAY HOLED UP TILL THE EXCITEMENT DIES DOWN!
THE NEWS OF ASSISTANT SOUGHT IN STRANGE DEATH OF RENOWNED SCIENTIST!

THEN I'LL GO BACK AND FIND THAT SEED. NO ONE ELSE KNOWS ITS VALUE!

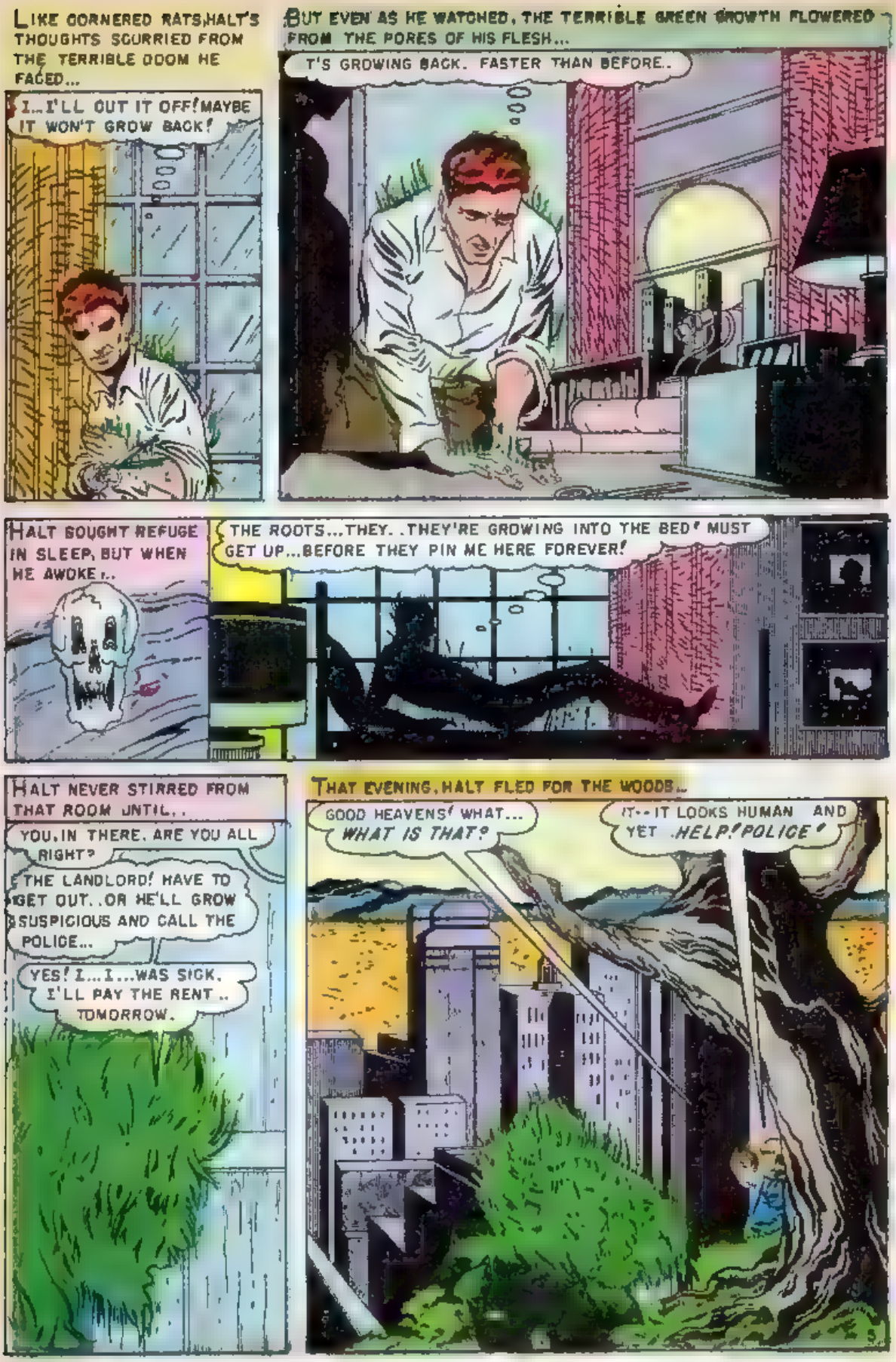

A FEW NIGHTS LATER, HALT DISCOVERED THE ANSWER TO THE QUESTION THAT PERPLEXED HIM!
STRANGE SENSATION.. LIKE TINY INSECTS, CRAWLING ALL OVER MY SKIN ..

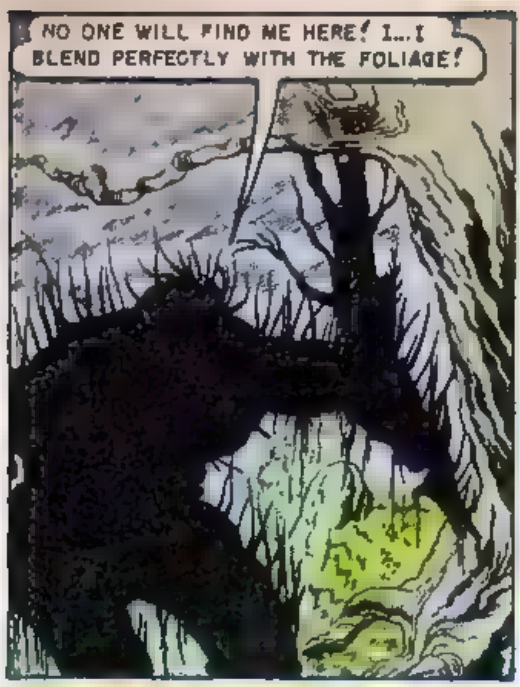

GREEN HAIR! ALL OVER MY BODY! WH-WHAT IS IT?

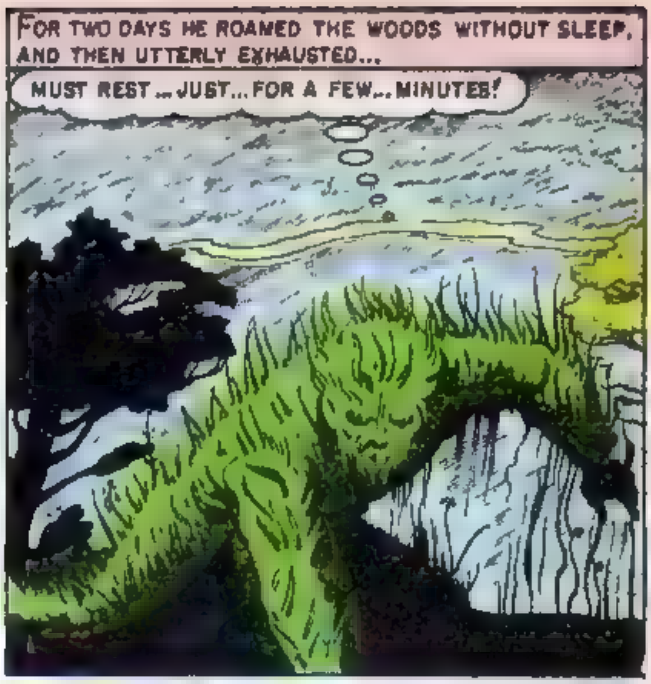

SUDDENLY, HALT REALIZED THE TRUTH!
THE MISSING SEED... THE SHOTGUN SARBO FIRED AT ME! HE... HE... SAID IT COULD GROW ANYWHERE... AND NOW . IT... IT'S IN MY FLESH... TAKING ROOT... GROWING!

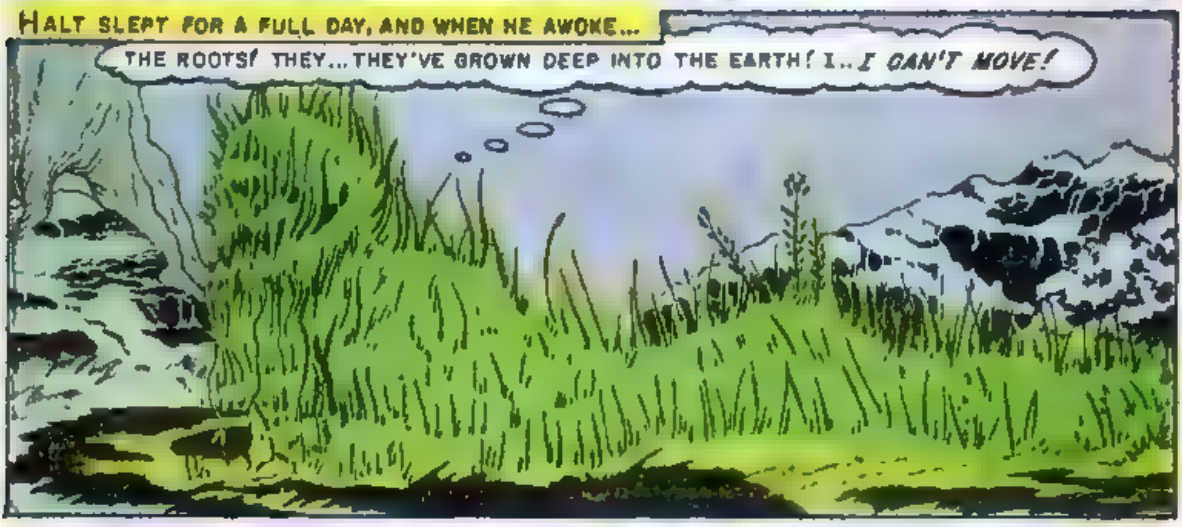
FRANTICALLY, HALT TRIED TO PLUCK EACH BLADE FROM HIS SKIN, BUT
IT . IT'S DEEP IN THE TISSUE... TOO PAINFUL TO REMOVE

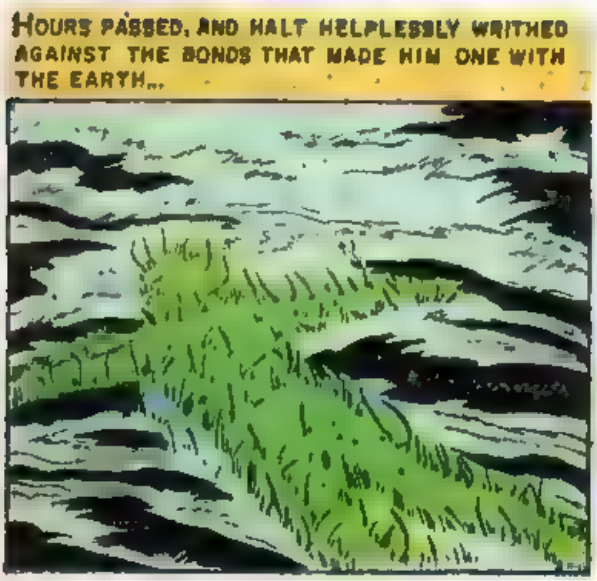
EVEN AS HE WATCHED, HIS MIND REELING WITH TERROR...
IT.. IT'S GROWING! WHAT-- WHAT CAN I DO?
4


LIKE CORNERED RATS, HALT'S THOUGHTS SCURRIED FROM THE TERRIBLE DOOM HE FACED...
I...I'LL CUT IT OFF! MAYBE IT WON'T GROW BACK!
BUT EVEN AS HE WATCHED, THE TERRIBLE GREEN GROWTH FLOWERED FROM THE PORES OF HIS FLESH...
IT'S GROWING BACK. FASTER THAN BEFORE..
HALT SOUGHT REFUGE IN SLEEP, BUT WHEN HE AWOKE...
THE ROOTS...THEY..THEY'RE GROWING INTO THE BED! MUST GET UP...BEFORE THEY PIN ME HERE FOREVER!
HALT NEVER STIRRED FROM THAT ROOM UNTIL..
YOU, IN THERE, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
THE LANDLORD! HAVE TO GET OUT..OR HE'LL GROW SUSPICIOUS AND CALL THE POLICE...
YES! I...I...WAS SICK. I'LL PAY THE RENT.. TOMORROW.
THAT EVENING, HALT FLED FOR THE WOODS...
GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT... WHAT IS THAT?
IT--IT LOOKS HUMAN AND YET.. HELP! POLICE!


NO ONE WILL FIND ME HERE! I...I BLEND PERFECTLY WITH THE FOLIAGE!


FOR TWO DAYS HE ROAMED THE WOODS WITHOUT SLEEP, AND THEN UTTERLY EXHAUSTED...
MUST REST...JUST...FOR A FEW...MINUTES!


HALT SLEPT FOR A FULL DAY, AND WHEN HE AWOKE...
THE ROOTS! THEY...THEY'VE GROWN DEEP INTO THE EARTH! I...I CAN'T MOVE!

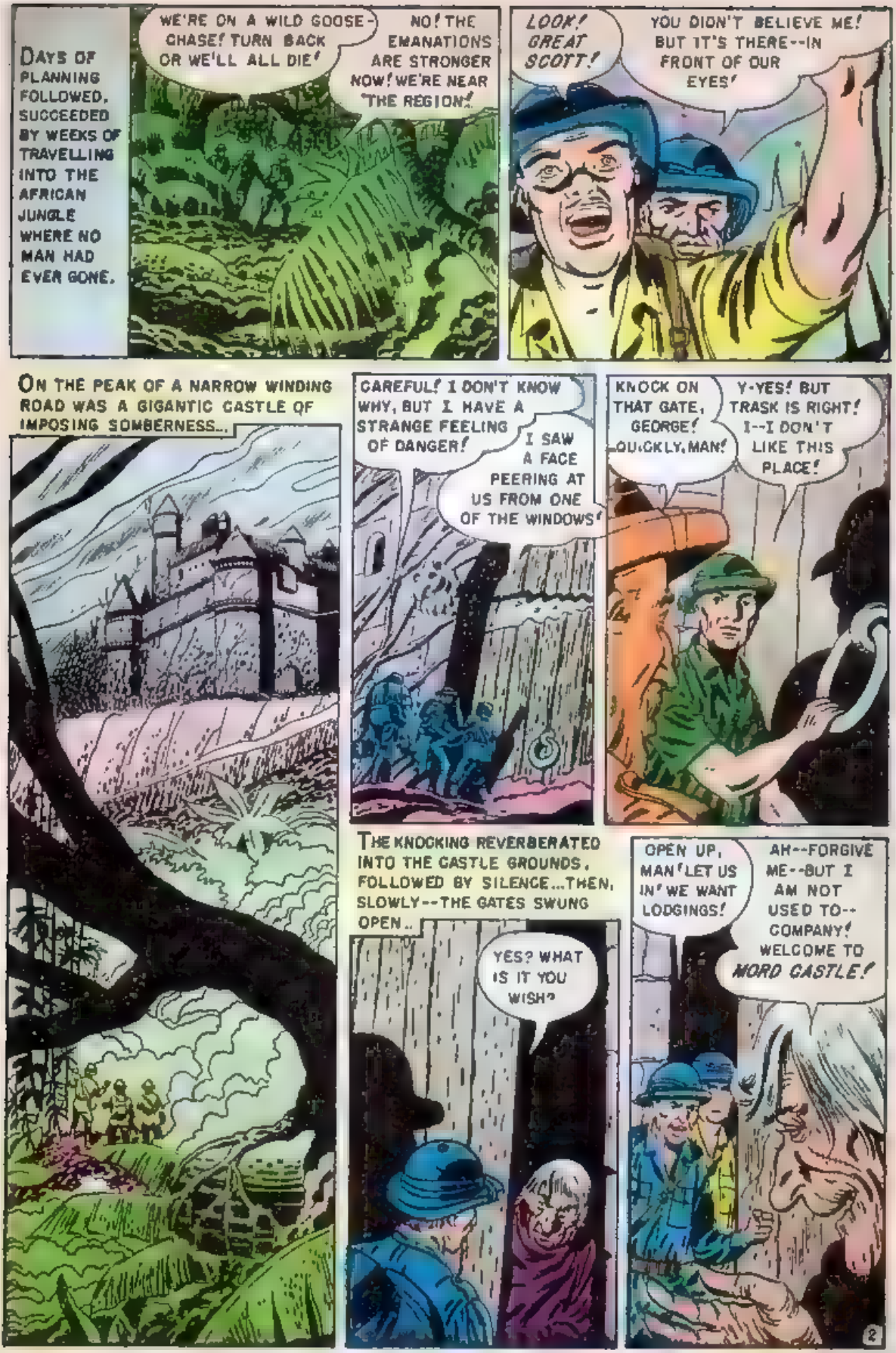

HOURS PASSED, AND HALT HELPLESSLY WRITHED AGAINST THE BONDS THAT MADE HIM ONE WITH THE EARTH...

AND THEN, ALL WAS STILL EXCEPT FOR AN OCCASIONAL WHIMPER OF AGONY DEEP BENEATH THE GRASS!
AAAAGHHH!

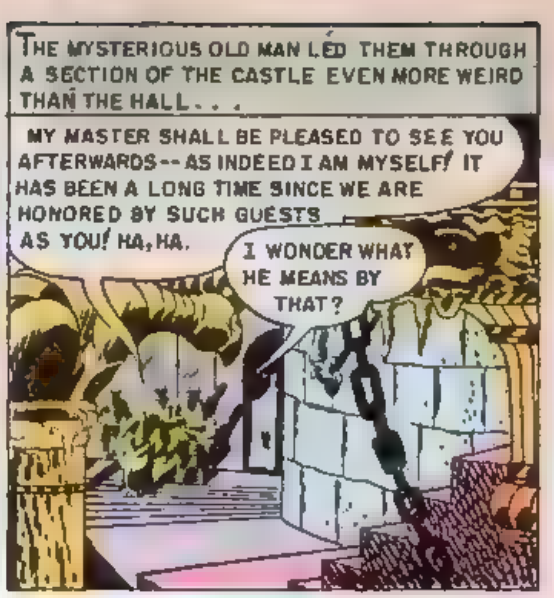
THREE MEN SET OUT TO FIND A SECRET OF THE BEYOND THAT WOULD MAKE THEM RICH! INSTEAD THEY FOUND TERROR AND DEATH, WHEN OUT OF THE SHADOWS CAME THE SLITHERING MONSTROSITY THAT FOREVER DOOMED THEM IN THE.....

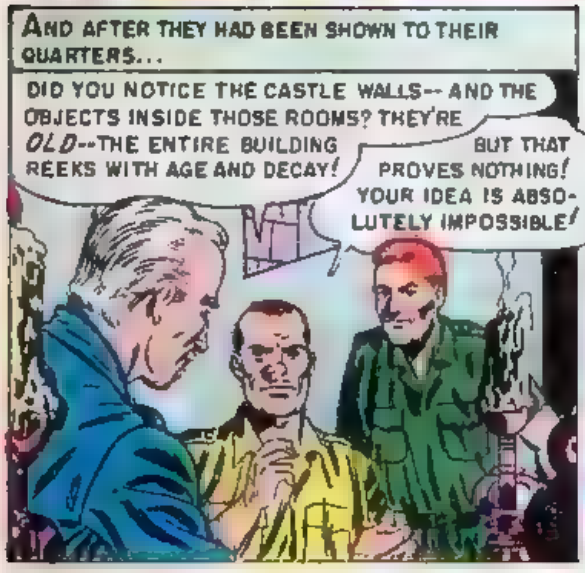
CASTLE of TERROR!

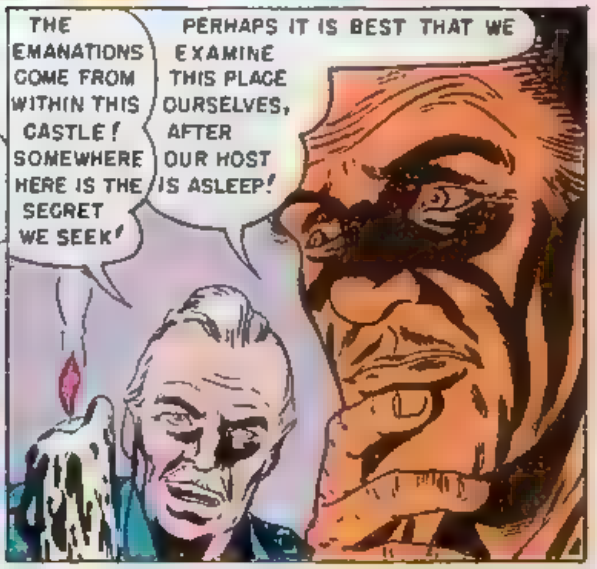
P-PLEASE--LET ME GO! I--I'LL KEEP YOUR SECRET! I WANT TO LIVE! PLEASE!
YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE, VINCENT TRASK-- NOW YOU MUST LEARN THE PENALTY FOR YOUR GREED! I GIVE YOU MY MASTER--- FOR EVEN DEATH HAS A MASTER! HA! HA! HA!
IT BEGAN ONE NIGHT AT THE LABORATORY OF EMIL ZARKO, ECCENTRIC PHYSICIST WHO HAD WORKED LONG AND FEVERISHLY TO PROBE THE PHENOMENON OF DEATH...
AT LAST! COME HERE, VINCENT! HURRY, GEORGE! DO YOU SEE IT?
LOOK AT THE CHARTS! THEY ARE REGISTERING THE PRECISE AREA WHERE THE EMANATIONS OF DEATH ORIGINATE! SOMEWHERE ON THIS PLANET IS A PLACE FROM WHICH DEATH RAYS KILL OFF THE POPULATION
1


DAYS OF PLANNING FOLLOWED, SUCCEEDED BY WEEKS OF TRAVELLING INTO THE AFRICAN JUNGLE WHERE NO MAN HAD EVER GONE.
WE'RE ON A WILD GOOSE-CHASE! TURN BACK OR WE'LL ALL DIE!
NO! THE EMANATIONS ARE STRONGER NOW! WE'RE NEAR THE REGION!
LOOK! GREAT SCOTT!
YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE ME! BUT IT'S THERE--IN FRONT OF OUR EYES!
ON THE PEAK OF A NARROW WINDING ROAD WAS A GIGANTIC CASTLE OF IMPOSING SOMBERNESS...
CAREFUL! I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I HAVE A STRANGE FEELING OF DANGER!
I SAW A FACE PEERING AT US FROM ONE OF THE WINDOWS!
KNOCK ON THAT GATE, GEORGE! QUICKLY, MAN!
Y-YES! BUT TRASK IS RIGHT! I--I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE!
THE KNOCKING REVERBERATED INTO THE CASTLE GROUNDS, FOLLOWED BY SILENCE...THEN, SLOWLY--THE GATES SWUNG OPEN..
YES? WHAT IS IT YOU WISH?
OPEN UP, MAN! LET US IN! WE WANT LODGINGS!
AH--FORGIVE ME--BUT I AM NOT USED TO--COMPANY! WELCOME TO MORD CASTLE!
2

BRRR...THIS IS THE MOST AMAZING THING I'VE SEEN! WHY--THE TEMPERATURE IS ACTUALLY COLD IN HERE!
MY MASTER LIKES HEAT--BUT SINCE HE IS AWAY, I HAVE COOLED THE CASTLE! NOW FOLLOW ME!


THE MYSTERIOUS OLD MAN LED THEM THROUGH A SECTION OF THE CASTLE EVEN MORE WEIRD THAN THE HALL . . .
MY MASTER SHALL BE PLEASED TO SEE YOU AFTERWARDS--AS INDEED I AM MYSELF! IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE WE ARE HONORED BY SUCH GUESTS AS YOU! HA, HA.
I WONDER WHAT HE MEANS BY THAT?


AND AFTER THEY HAD BEEN SHOWN TO THEIR QUARTERS...
DID YOU NOTICE THE CASTLE WALLS--AND THE OBJECTS INSIDE THOSE ROOMS? THEY'RE OLD--THE ENTIRE BUILDING REEKS WITH AGE AND DECAY!
BUT THAT PROVES NOTHING! YOUR IDEA IS ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE!

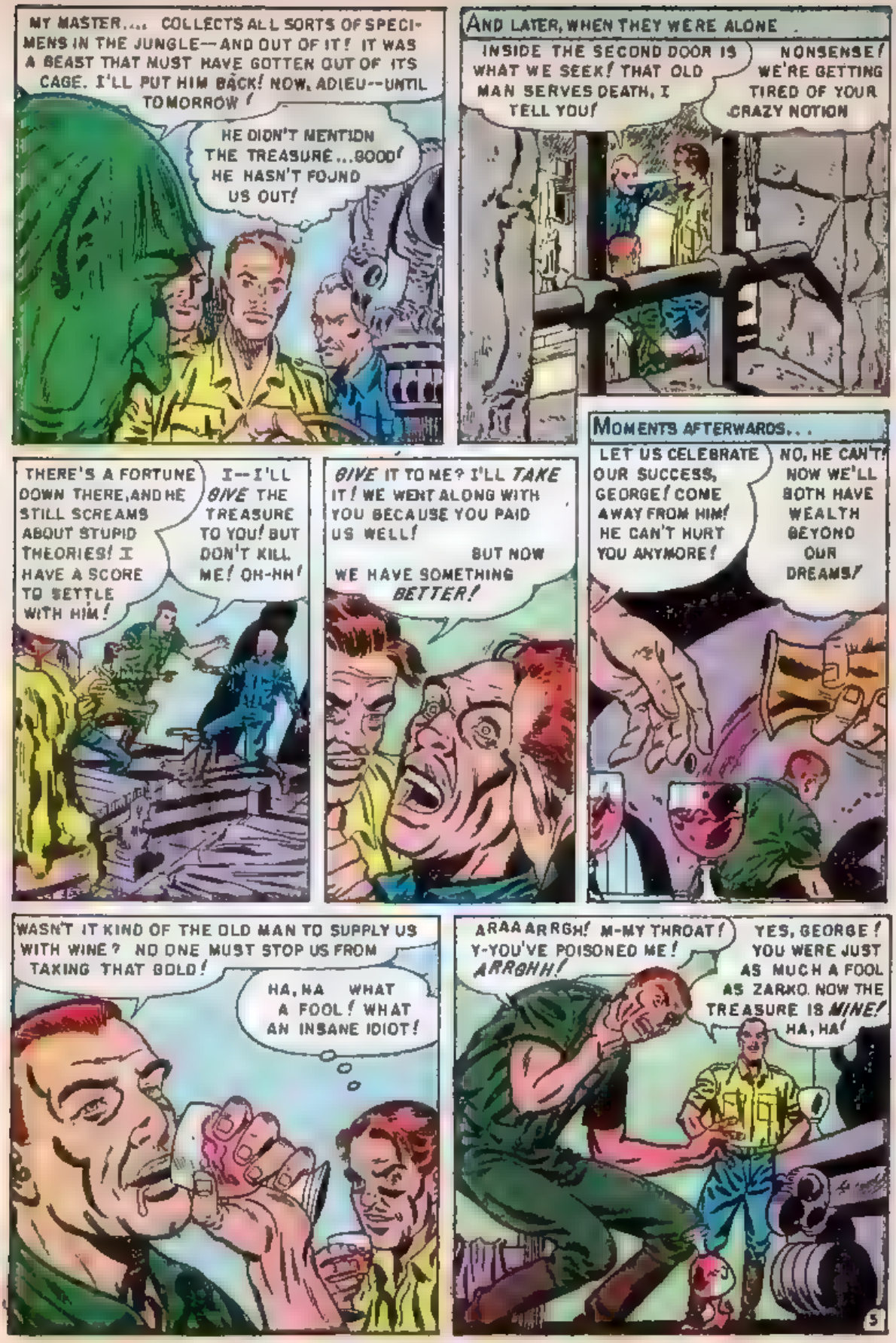

THE EMANATIONS COME FROM WITHIN THIS CASTLE! SOMEWHERE HERE IS THE SECRET WE SEEK!
PERHAPS IT IS BEST THAT WE EXAMINE THIS PLACE OURSELVES, AFTER OUR HOST IS ASLEEP!

PROTECTED BY THE DARKNESS, THREE FIGURES SLIPPED SILENTLY THROUGH THE HALLS
I TELL YOU, THAT OLD MAN IS NOT HUMAN! THERE IS SOMETHING STRANGELY REPULSIVE ABOUT HIM...
THESE STEPS LEAD TO SOME SORT OF CRYPT!

WHY IS HE HERE? WHAT IS THIS CASTLE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE?
WE'LL FIND THAT OUT BEFORE LONG--LOOK--WE'RE ENTERING A CHAMBER!

NOTHING HERE--BUT A FEW IDOLS AND A DOOR! WE CAN'T HAVE BEEN WRONG!
I'M GOING TO OPEN IT! GET SET!
3

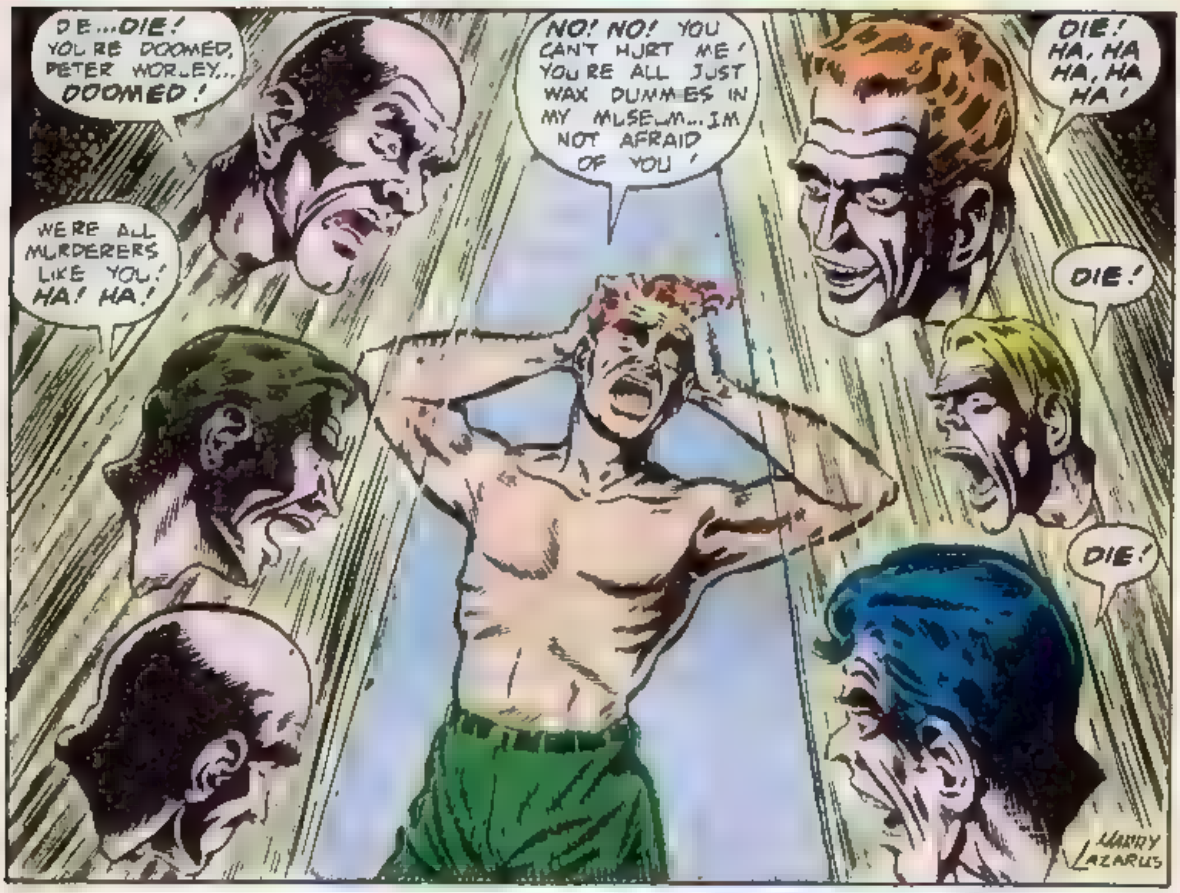
THE KNOB WAS ICE-COLD TO THE TOUCH . YET SMOOTH AND WORN, AS IF IT HAD BEEN OPENED MANY TIMES BEFORE...
GOLD! DIAMONDS! RUBIES! WE'RE RICH!
HA, HA THERE ARE MILLIONS HERE!
IT'S NOT OURS, FOOL! SHH! DON'T MAKE SO MUCH NOISE! WE'RE NOT HERE FOR TREASURE! WAIT... A HOT DRAFT IS COMING FROM ANOTHER DOOR INSIDE THIS ROOM!
W-WHAT WAS THAT? IT CAME FROM THIS INNER DOOR! LOOK! THE DOOR-KNOB'S TURNING!
HISSSSS!
SUDDENLY—A TERRIBLE FEAR POSSESSED EVERYONE THERE!
YAAAAAH!! LET ME OUT OF HERE...!
GOOD LORD! A TENTACLE-- AND-- AND FLAMES! WHAT IS BEHIND THERE?
YOU CAN FIND OUT IF YOU WANT TO! I'M GETTING OUT!!
WAIT FOR ME! DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE HERE!
IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP? YOU SEEM-- AAH- DISTURBED!
WHAT DO YOU HIDE DOWN THERE? SPEAK UP, OLD GOAT! WHAT IS IT?

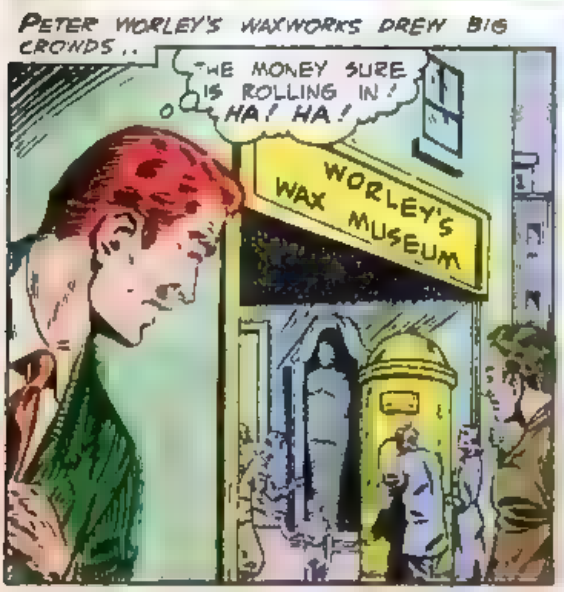

MY MASTER.... COLLECTS ALL SORTS OF SPECIMENS IN THE JUNGLE—AND OUT OF IT! IT WAS A BEAST THAT MUST HAVE GOTTEN OUT OF ITS CAGE. I'LL PUT HIM BACK! NOW, ADIEU--UNTIL TOMORROW!
HE DIDN'T MENTION THE TREASURE...GOOD! HE HASN'T FOUND US OUT!
AND LATER, WHEN THEY WERE ALONE
INSIDE THE SECOND DOOR IS WHAT WE SEEK! THAT OLD MAN SERVES DEATH, I TELL YOU!
NONSENSE! WE'RE GETTING TIRED OF YOUR CRAZY NOTION
THERE'S A FORTUNE DOWN THERE, AND HE STILL SCREAMS ABOUT STUPID THEORIES! I HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH HIM!
I--I'LL GIVE THE TREASURE TO YOU! BUT DON'T KILL ME! OH-NH!
GIVE IT TO ME? I'LL TAKE IT! WE WENT ALONG WITH YOU BECAUSE YOU PAID US WELL!
BUT NOW WE HAVE SOMETHING BETTER!
MOMENTS AFTERWARDS...
LET US CELEBRATE OUR SUCCESS, GEORGE! COME AWAY FROM HIM! HE CAN'T HURT YOU ANYMORE!
NO, HE CAN'T! NOW WE'LL BOTH HAVE WEALTH BEYOND OUR DREAMS!
WASN'T IT KIND OF THE OLD MAN TO SUPPLY US WITH WINE? NO ONE MUST STOP US FROM TAKING THAT GOLD!
HA, HA WHAT A FOOL! WHAT AN INSANE IDIOT!
ARAAARRGH! M-MY THROAT! Y-YOU'VE POISONED ME! ARRGHH!
YES, GEORGE! YOU WERE JUST AS MUCH A FOOL AS ZARKO. NOW THE TREASURE IS MINE! HA, HA!
5

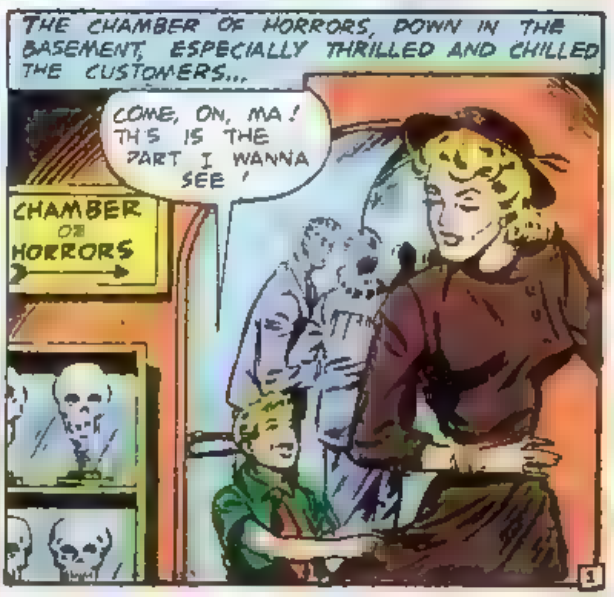
QUICKLY, VINCENT TRASK HURRIED DOWN THE STEPS AND OPENED THE DOOR. THE GOLD WAS STILL THERE...
MONSTER OR NOT -- NOTHING IS GOING TO STOP ME FROM HAVING THIS TREASURE!
WHO CARES FOR EXPLANATIONS? ALL I WANT IS -- GNNNNGGG!
THE TENTACLES COILED ABOUT HIS NECK, SHUTTING OFF HIS BREATHING. TIGHTER AND TIGHTER THEY PULLED HIM HIM TOWARDS HORROR!
AAAAAGH! HELP! -- CAN'T BREATHE! GASP -- GASP... AAAGHH! HELP!
YOU MUST FORGIVE THE IMPATIENCE OF CERBERUS! YOU SEE, CREATURES FROM THE BEYOND CANNOT STAY LONG IN THIS COLD!
W--WHO ARE YOU? GASP!
I AM DEATH! AND YOU HAVE FORFEITED YOUR SOUL THROUGH YOUR GREED -- AS YOUR COMPANIONS HAVE FORFEITED THEIRS THROUGH STUPIDITY AND WEAKNESS!
THEN ZARKO WAS RIGHT! B--BUT YOU LIED TO US! YOU SAID YOU HAD A MASTER!
I HAVE! YOU UNKNOWINGLY DISCOVERED THE TREASURE WITH WHICH HE TEMPTS MORTALS SUCH AS YOURSELF! HE HAS JUST RETURNED! MEET MY MASTER -- THE--
DEVIL! HA, HA, HA.. WELCOME! WE HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!
END

PETER WORLEY'S MUSEUM OF HORRORS DREW BIG CROWDS! THE BUSINESS HE HAD SEIZED BY THEFT AND MURDER WAS MAKING HIM RICH! BUT THE STRANGE FORCES BEYOND THE GRAVE CAUGHT UP WITH PETER WORLEY AT LAST - THAT WEIRD AND TERRIBLE NIGHT WHEN HE ENCOUNTERED THE GRUESOME ...

PHANTOM of the WAXWORKS!


DIE...DIE! YOU'RE DOOMED, PETER WORLEY... DOOMED!
NO! NO! YOU CAN'T HURT ME! YOU'RE ALL JUST WAX DUMMIES IN MY MUSEUM... I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU!
DIE! HA, HA HA, HA HA!
WE'RE ALL MURDERERS LIKE YOU! HA! HA!
DIE!
DIE!
HARRY LAZARUS




THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS, DOWN IN THE BASEMENT, ESPECIALLY THRILLED AND CHILLED THE CUSTOMERS...
COME, ON, MA! THIS IS THE PART I WANNA SEE!
CHAMBER OF HORRORS
1

THE LIFE-SIZE SCENES OF WAX DUMMIES WERE GRUESOMELY REALISTIC!
THERE'S THE ONE OF JACK THE RIPPER! LET'S LOOK!
UGH! IT'S SO CREEPY!
YIPES! GIVES YOU THE WILLIES, EH, ANNIE? THEY LOOK SO ALIVE!
JACK THE RIPPER
AND THE INFAMOUS BLUEBEARD.
NICE GUY TO BE MARRIED TO, EH, DORA?
BRRR!
THEN, ONE DAY,
EXTRA
BUGLE N
WORLEY'S MUSEUM SCE
The Daily EA
Fre
PANIC IN WORLEY'S WAX MUSEUM!
THREE SPECTATORS INJURED CHAMBER OF HORRORS IN MUSEUM IS SCENE OF WILD PANIC AS SPECTATORS FLEE FROM UNBE-
AND AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS
ALL RIGHT! NOW TELL US JUST WHAT HAPPENED! YOU WERE IN THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS...
IT WAS THE WAX DUMMY OF JACK THE RIPPER! ALL OF A SUDDEN--
WE ALL SAW IT, AND--
HEY TAKE IT EASY! ONE AT A TIME!
THEY ALL AGREED ON WHAT THEY HAD SEEN. THEY WERE GAZING AT THE WAX DUMMY OF JACK THE RIPPER, WHEN, SUDDENLY..
THAT DUMMY MOVED! JACK THE RIPPER'S COMIN' AT US!
RUN-- RUN! HELP!
2

IN THE WILD PANIC TO ESCAPE SEVERAL PEOPLE HAD BEEN INJURED...
IT'S ALIVE!
HELP! HELP!
BUT WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED...
SEEMS PRETTY LIFE-LIKE, BUT IT'S ONLY A DUMMY... IT COULDN'T MOVE!
SURE! BUT THE PEOPLE WERE YELLING THAT IT DID MOVE AND CAME AT THEM WITH A KNIFE!
JACK THE RIPPER
THEY ALL COULDN'T HAVE IMAGINED IT, COULD THEY?
PROBABLY WAS SOME THEATRICAL TRICK! A DUMMY MECHANICALLY FIXED SO THAT IT COULD MOVE! BRING WORLEY DOWN HERE, I WANT TO TALK TO HIM!
AND WHEN THEY BROUGHT PETER MORLEY INTO HEADQUARTERS...
SEE HERE, MORLEY, IF THAT'S YOUR IDEA OF A PUBLICITY STUNT, QUIT IT! LAY OFF THAT TRICK STUFF! UNDERSTAND?
I--I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING! I--I D-DON'T UNDERSTAND!
IF ANYTHING ELSE LIKE THAT HAPPENS IN YOUR MUSEUM WE'LL CLOSE IT UP! GET ME?
Y-YES, SIR!
ACTUALLY, PETER MORLEY KNEW NO MORE ABOUT IT THAN ANYONE ELSE! WORLEY HAD LIVING QUARTERS IN THE MUSEUM, AND THAT NIGHT, AS HE PONDERED HIS TROUBLES...
COULD FRANK ALLEN HAVE DONE IT?..NO..NO! I'M THINKING SUCH CRAZY THINGS! FRANK ALLEN'S DEAD!
3

ANYONE WITH MURDER ON HIS SOUL WILL HAVE WILD THOUGHTS. WORLEY WAS REMEMBERING THAT TIME, A FEW YEARS AGO, WHEN FRANK ALLEN OWNED THE MUSEUM! THE WAXEN SCENES HAD ALL BEEN ALLEN'S CREATIONS!
THIS ONE OF JACK THE RIPPER WILL BE A BIG DRAWING CARD, PETER, YOU'LL SEE!
YEAH! SURE WILL!
BUT IT WON'T BE YOU WHO MAKES THE MONEY OUT OF THIS PLACE!
ALLEN HAD EMPLOYED WORLEY AS HIS ASSISTANT! WORLEY WAS CLEVER; HE HAD WORKED OUT HIS MURDEROUS SCHEME TO THE LAST DETAIL..
ALLEN HAS NO RELATIVES WHO'D QUESTION THIS FORGED CONTRACT! WHEN HE'S DEAD, THE MUSEUM WILL BE MINE!
AND THEN, ONE NIGHT...
THIS BLUEBEARD SCENE WILL BE ANOTHER GOOD ONE!
IT'S SWELL!
NOW'S MY CHANCE!
THEN, SUDDENLY...
WHA--?
YEAAA!
CRACK!
CRACKED HIS SKULL! THEY'LL FIGURE IT AN ACCIDENT, OF COURSE! HA, HA! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT-- ALMOST!
AND NOW, ALONE IN HIS LIVING ROOM WITH HIS MEMORIES, THE GUILTY PETER WORLEY PACED THE FLOOR RESTLESSLY...
WHY AM I THINKING SUCH CRAZY THINGS? ALLEN CAN'T HURT ME! HE'S DEAD AND BURIED YEARS AGO! WHA--? SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!
NOK!
NOK!

THEN TERROR LEAPED AT PETER WORLEY AS HE OPENED THE DOOR..
HELLO, PETER... NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
ALLEN! NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! YOU'RE DEAD! ...DEAD AN' BURIED! I SAW THEM BURY YOU!
DEAD?... AH, BUT THEN WHO WOULD KNOW THAT BETTER THAN YOU...MIND IF I COME IN? THERE IS SOMETHING I WANT TO STRAIGHTEN OUT WITH YOU, PETER!
NO... NO! KEEP AWAY FROM ME!
I HAD TO COME BACK... I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO THINK YOU COULD COMMIT MURDER AND GET AWAY WITH IT, PETER! I COULDN'T REST UNTIL I FIXED THAT!
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME... NEVER!
THE TERRIFIED WORLEY FLED INTO THE MUSEUM...
RUN, PETER, RUN! HA, HA, HA! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME, PETER! HA, HA!
HELP! HELP!
HA, HA, HA! HA, HA, HA!
YEAAHH!
CHAMBER OF HORRORS
SUDDENLY, ALLEN WAS UPON HIM, AND IN THE DIM ROOM OF THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS, WITH THE WAXEN SCENES OF MURDERS OF THE PAST...
HA, HA, HA, HA!
NO! NO! YEAAHH!
JACK THE RIPPER
5

THE NEIGHBORS HEARD WORLEY'S EERIE SCREAMS, AND...
AA!!EEEE!!
IT'S FROM THE MUSEUM! ...SOMEBODY'S BEING MURDERED! PHONE THE POLICE!
WORLEY'S WAXWORKS

THE MUSEUM WAS DARK AND SILENT WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED...

EVERYTHING WAS DARK... BROODING SILENCE! AND THEN, DOWN IN THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS...

AWED, THEY STOOD BEFORE A SILENT, WAXEN SCENE! MUTE AND GRISLY TABLEAU...

UGH! SAY, THAT FELLOW BEING STRANGLED LOOKS LIKE WORLEY, DOESN'T IT?
WEIRD! WHY WOULD WORLEY BUILD A WAX-DUMMY SCENE LIKE THAT? LET'S FIND WORLEY-- HE MAY KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!

PETER WORLEY WAS NEVER FOUND! THERE WAS ONLY THIS NEW SCENE OF A KILLING, PRESERVED IN WAX, TO MAKE PEOPLE SHUDDER!